

K. Brande (Catherine) Duchess of Suffolk.



The most rare and excellent History
Of the Dutchesse of Suffolkes calamity.

To the tune of Queene Dido.



When God had taken for our sinne,
that pudent Prince R. Edward
Then bloody Bonner did begin
his raging malice to begin,
All those that did Gods word profess,
He persecuted more or lesse.

Thus whilst the Lord on us did looke,
many in prison he did shooke,
Tormenting them in Lollards tower,
whereby they might the truth forgoe,
Then Cranmer, Ridley and the rest,
Were burnt in fire that Christ profess.

Smithfield was then with fagots fill'd,
and many places more besides;
At Coventry was Saunders kill'd;
at Torke the good Hooper dy'd,
And to escape this bloody day,
Beyond Seas many fled a way.

Amongst the rest that sought release,
and for their faith in danger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was chiefe
King Henries daughter of royall blood,
Which in the Tower did prisoner lye,
Looking each day when she should dye,

The Dutchesse of Suffolke seeing this,
whose life like wile the tyrant sought,
Who in the hope of heavenly blisse,
within Gods word her comfort sought,
For feare of death was faine to flye,
And leave her house most secretly.

That for the love of God alone,
her land and goods she left behind,
Seeking still for that precious stone
the word of truth so rare to find,
She with her nurse husband and child,
In poye array she is sight beguile,

Thus through London they past along,
each one did take a severall sort;
Thus all along escaping wrong,
at Billingsgate they all did meet:
The people rose in Chauncelers Barge,
They simply went with all their charge,

And all along from Chauncelers to home,
with burnies short on hat they went
Unto the Sea-coast they came to home,
to passe the seas was their intent,
And God provided so that day,
That they take ship and sail'd away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind,
in Flanders late they did arrive,
This was to their great ease of minde,
and from their heart much woe did drive
And so with thanks to God on his,
They took their way to Germany.

Thus as they travell'd still disguis'd
upon the high way suddenly,
By cruell thieves they were surpris'd,
assailing their small company,
And all their treasure and their store
They took away and beat them sore.

The purse in midst of their fight,
laid downe the child upon the ground,
She ran away out of their sight,
and never after that was found.
Then did the Dutchesse make great mone,
With her good husband all alone.

The thieves had there their boyes kill'd,
and all their money quite had take,
The pretty Baby almost spoll'd,
was by the nurse like wile forlake:
And they far from their friends did stand,
And succourles in a strange land.

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The second part, To the same tune. 279



The white like toise began to scowle,
 If that's and rain'd in pittious soyl.
 The day was long and tedious soule:
 then may I now full well report:
 Their griefe and sorrow was not small,
 When this unhappy chance did fall.
 Sometimes the Dutches bore the child,
 all wet as euer she could be;
 And when the Lady kind and milde
 was weary, then the child bore he,
 And thus they one another ease,
 And with their fortunes were well pleas'd
 And after many weary steps
 all wet they both in dirt and mire,
 after much griefe their hearts yet leape,
 for labour both some rest require,
 A toiling before them they did see,
 But loo'd there in he could not see.
 From house to house then they did goe,
 seeking that night where they might lie,
 But want of money was their woe,
 and still their babe with cold did drie:
 With cap and kine they curtesie make,
 But none on them would pitty take.
 A doe here a p'ince of great blood,
 both pray a peasant for reliefe,
 With teares bedewed as the blood,
 yet to none regards her griefe.
 Her speech they could not understand,
 But gave her money in her hand.
 When all in vaine their paines were spent,
 and that they could no house come get,
 Into a Church porch then they went,
 to stand out of the raine and wet:
 Then said the Dutchesse to her deare,
 O that we had some fire here.
 Then did her husband so prouide,
 that fire and coales he got with speed,
 He late doone by the fire side,
 to dresse her daughter that had need:
 And while she drest it in her lap,
 Her husband made the infant pay.
 Anon the Sereton thither came,
 and finding them there by the fire,
 The drunken knave all bope of shame,
 to dresse them out was his desire.

And turning forth the Noble Dame,
 Her Husband toath it did inflame.
 And all in fury as he stood, (hand:
 he wounding the Church keyes out his
 And stricke him so that all of blood
 his head ran to some where he did stand
 Wherfore the Sereton presently,
 For helpe and aid aloud did cry.
 Then came the officers in haste,
 and took the Dutches and her child,
 And with her husband thus they past,
 like Lambes beset with Tygers toads,
 And to the Governour were brought,
 Who understod them not in ought.
 Then master Barro hane and bold,
 in Latine made a gallant speech,
 which all their misery did unfold,
 and their high honour did beseech.
 With that a Doctor sitting by,
 Did knowe the Dutches presently,
 And thereupon arising straight,
 with words abashed at this sight:
 Unto them all that there did wait,
 he thus spake forth in mo'ndar light:
 Behold within your sight shall be,
 A p'ince of most high degree.
 With that the Governour and the rest
 were all amazed the same to heare,
 Who welcomed this new come guest,
 with reverence great & princely cheere.
 And afterward couey'd they were
 Unto their friend p'ince Cassimere.
 A sonne he had in Germany,
 Peregrine Barro call'd by name,
 Durand the good Lord Willoughby,
 of courage great and worthy fame:
 Her daughter yong which with her went
 Was afterwards Countesse of Kent.
 For when Quene Mary was deceast
 the Dutches home return'd againe,
 who was of sorrow quite releast,
 by Quene Elizabeths happy reigne,
 whose godly life and piety,
 all may praise continually,
 FINIS.

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